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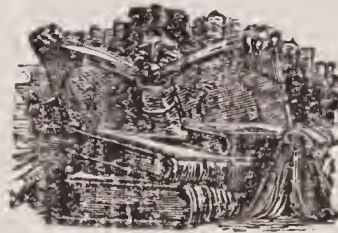
SEA VISTAS

IN MANY CLIMES

Edited and Illustrated by
SUSIE BARSTOW SKELDING

With Fac-similes of Water-color Drawings

*"Men change and cease to be
And empires grow and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives and outlives them all."*



NEW YORK

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1888

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The editor acknowledges the continued courtesy of Messrs. Roberts Brothers in granting the use of their publications.

She also recognizes the personal courtesy of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Frances L. Mace, and Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

S. B. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE.

DUTCH PINCKS OFF SCHEVENINGEN.

VENETIAN FISHING BOATS.

TWILIGHT, MARBLEHEAD.

ON THE CORNICE ROAD.

BASS HARBOR LIGHT, MT. DESERT.

CONTENTS.

EDITED BY SUSIE BARSTOW SKELDING.

	PAGE
THE THREE SHIPS, (<i>Julia C. R. Dorr.</i>)	13
THE GOLDEN GATE, (<i>Edward Pollock.</i>)	16
THE SUNSET CITY, (<i>Henry Sylvester Cornwell.</i>)	18
THE GOLDEN GATE, (<i>Adelaide A. Procter.</i>)	20
SHIPS AT SEA, (<i>Barry Gray.</i>)	27
THE SEA, (<i>Anonymous.</i>)	30
UNDER THE SURFACE, (<i>Frances Ridley Havergal.</i>)	32
REVERIE, (<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>)	39
DOWN ON THE SHORE, (<i>William Allingham.</i>)	41
TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS, (<i>Charles Mackay.</i>)	43
RURAL SOUNDS, (<i>William Cowper.</i>)	45
WHAT MATTER? (<i>Alfred Domett.</i>)	47
A FISHING TOWN, (<i>Anonymous.</i>)	53
GENIUS, (<i>Richard Hengist Horne.</i>)	54
SPEED THE PROW, (<i>James Montgomery.</i>)	56
DOVER BEACH, (<i>Matthew Arnold.</i>)	58
SONG, (<i>H. Heine.</i>)	60

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
VENICE, (<i>Samuel Rogers.</i>)	65
THE SEA, (<i>Bryan Waller Procter.</i>)	66
VENICE, (<i>Translated by Joseph Addison.</i>)	68
SONNET, (<i>William Wordsworth.</i>)	69
RELIQUIÆ, (<i>Anonymous.</i>)	70
SONG, (<i>H. Heine.</i>)	72
WITH THE TIDE, (<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>)	77
A QUEST, (<i>Louise Chandler Moulton.</i>)	80
MEETING AT NIGHT, (<i>Robert Browning.</i>)	82
THE LONG WHITE SEAM, (<i>Jean Ingelow.</i>)	83
THE EVENING GUN, (<i>Thomas Moore.</i>)	85
MY LIGHTHOUSES, (<i>Helen Jackson—"H. H."</i>)	91
THE PALM TREE, (<i>Felicia Hemans.</i>)	94
FROM CHILDE HAROLD (<i>Lord Byron.</i>)	97
STANZAS, (<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley.</i>)	98
FLYING MOUNTAIN, (<i>Frances L. Mace.</i>)	105
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK, (<i>Alfred Tennyson.</i>)	108
SONG, (<i>Mary Russell Mitford.</i>)	109
SONNET, (<i>Robert Leighton.</i>)	110
THE BEACON, (<i>Paul Moon James.</i>)	111

THE GOLDEN GATE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

(9)

THE THREE SHIPS.

OVER the waters clear and dark
Flew, like a startled bird, our bark.

All the day long with steady sweep
Sea-gulls followed us over the deep.

Weird and strange were the silent shores,
Rich with their wealth of buried ores;

Mighty the forests, old and gray,
With the secrets locked in their hearts away;

Semblance of castle and arch and shrine
Towered aloft in the clear sunshine;

And we watched for the warder, stern and grim,
And the priest with his chanted prayer and hymn.

Over that wonderful northern sea,
As one who sails in a dream, sailed we,

Till, when the young moon soared on high,
Nothing was round us but sea and sky.

Far in the east the pale moon swung,—
A crescent dim in the azure hung;

But the sun lay low in the glowing west,
With bars of purple across his breast.

The skies were aflame with the sunset glow,
The billows were all aflame below;

The far horizon seemed the gate
To some mystic world's enchanted state;

And all the air was a luminous mist,
Crimson and amber and amethyst.

Then silently into that fiery sea,—
Into the heart of the mystery,—

Three ships went sailing one by one,
The fairest visions under the sun.

Like a flame in the heart of a ruby set
Were the sails that flew from each mast of jet;

While darkly against the burning sky,
Streamer and pennant floated high.

Steadily, silently on they pressed
Into the glowing reddening west;

Until, on the far horizon's fold,
They slowly passed through its gate of gold.

You think, perhaps, they were nothing more
Than schooners laden with common ore?

Where Care clasped hands with grimy Toil,
And the decks were stained with earthly moil?

Oh, beautiful ships, who sailed that night
Into the west from our yearning sight,

Full well I know that the freight ye bore
Was laden not for an earthly shore!

To some far realm ye were sailing on,
Where all we have lost shall yet be won;

Ye were bringing thither a world of dreams,
Bright as that sunset's golden gleams;

And hopes whose tremulous, rosy flush
Grew fairer still in the twilight hush.

Ye were bearing hence to that mystic sphere
Thoughts no mortal may utter here,—

Songs that on earth may not be sung,—
Words too holy for human tongue,—

The golden deeds that we would have done,—
The fadeless wreaths that we would have won;

And hence it was that our souls with you
Traversed the measureless waste of blue,

Till you passed under the sunset gate,
And to us a voice said, softly, "Wait!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate :
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From the shoreless and unsounded sea ;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales :
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay ;
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Sausalito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well ;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz :
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown ;
So, charmed from war or wind or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what freight,
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate ?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken :
Oh, how many a venture we

Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving
Over the waste, for something loving,
Something rich and chaste and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind,
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gems, affection's gold,
Return as remorse, and a broken vow,
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine, and soar to heaven,
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

Edward Pollock.

THE SUNSET CITY.

THERE'S a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds,
In the glorious country on high,
Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,
To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,
That gleam by a sapphire sea,
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,
Or are dreamed of by you or by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach
Far away till they melt in the gloom
And waters that hem an immaculate beach
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are
And belfries of marvelous shapes
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,
That sparkle on violet capes;

And hanging gardens that far away
 Enchantedly float aloof;
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,
 And banners of glorious woof!

When the Summer sunset's crimsoning fires
 Are aglow in the western sky,
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires
 Of this wonderful City on high;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade
 Creeps over the twilight lea,
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,
 And sink in the sapphire sea;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees
 The magical splendor it wore;
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees
 The beautiful City no more!

Henry Sylvester Cornwell.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

DIM shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty
stair they climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the
closed portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening
of the Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward,
hand in hand,
And some, with weary step and slow, look back where
their Belovèd stand:
Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by the
Angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that
floods the very air
Is but the shadow from within, of the great glory
hidden there;
And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows
pass within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals
close once more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the door;
The joy that lightened from that place shines still
upon the watcher's face.

The faint low echo that we hear of far-off music seems
to fill
The silent air with love and fear, and the world's
clamors all grow still,
Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling on
in pain.

Complain not that the way is long: what road is
weary that leads there?
But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up
the misty stair
And then with beating heart await the opening of the
Golden Gate.

Adelaide A. Procter.

IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

(23)



Small
River of the East
25

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea,
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the winds and waves the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,

Horses, wines, and works of art,—
Everything except a heart—
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Ever more, ever more.

Robert Barry Coffin.
(*Barry Gray*)

THE SEA.

THE gray unresting sea
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

Centuries of vanished time
Since the glad earth's primeval form,
Have heard grand unpausing chime
Momentarily aye new born.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sound upswell,
Ringing along dim lighted aisles,
With spirit trancing spell.

So in the surf-white strand
Chants the deep peal the sea waves raise ;
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise,

By times in thunder notes
The booming billows shoreward surge,
By times a silver laugh infloats,
By times a low soft dirge.

Souls more ennobled grow
Listing the worldless anthem rise,
Discords are drowned in their great flow
Of nature's harmonies,

Men change and cease to be,
And empires grow and fall,
But the weird music of the sea,
Lives and outlives them all.

That mystic sound shall last
Till time itself no more shall be,
Till seas and shores away have past,
Lost in eternity.

Anonymous.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

I.

ON the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Winds and waves, from a choral height,
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

II.

On the surface, lilies white,
A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky-reflections soft and bright,
Tremulous crimson, gold, and blue.

Under the surface, life and death,
Slimy tangle and oozy moans,
Creeping things with watery breath,
Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
A crystal couch for the moonbeam's rest,
Starry ripples along the beach,
Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,
Traacherous currents swift and strong,
Deafening rush in the drowning ears,—
Have ye rightly read my song?
Frances Ridley Havergal.

F O R T M A R I O N ,

S T . A U G U S T I N E .

(35)



Fort St. Louis
St. Louis, Mo.

REVERIE.

THE white reflection of the sloop's great sail
Sleeps trembling on the tide,
In scarlet trim her crew lean o'er the rail,
Lounging on either side.

Pale blue and streaked with pearl the waters lie,
And glitter **in** the heat ;
'The distance gathers purple bloom where sky
And glimmering coast-line meet.

From the cove's curving rim of sandy gray
The ebbing tide has drained,
Where, mournful, in the dusk of yesterday
The curlew's voice complained.

Half lost in hot mirage the sails afar
Lie dreaming, still and white ;
No wave breaks, no wind breathes, the peace to mar,
Summer is at its height.

How many thousand summers thus have shown
Across the ocean waste,
Passing in swift succession, one by one,
By the fierce winter chased !

The gray rocks blushing soft at dawn and eve,
The green leaves at their feet,
The dreaming sails, the crying birds that grieve,
Ever themselves repeat.

And yet how dear and how forever fair
Is Nature's friendly face,
And how forever new and sweet and rare
Each old familiar grace!

What matters it that she will sing and smile
When we are dead and still?
Let us be happy in her beauty while
Our hearts have power to thrill.

Let us rejoice in every moment bright,
Grateful that it is ours;
Bask in her smiles with ever fresh delight,
And gather all her flowers;

For presently we part: what will avail,
Her rosy fires of dawn,
Her noontide pomps, to us, who fade and fail,
Our hands from hers withdrawn?

Celia Thaxter.

DOWN ON THE SHORE.

Down on the shore, on the sunny shore!
Where the salt smell cheers the land;
Where the tide moves bright under boundless light,
And the surge on the glittering strand;
Where the children wade, in the shallow pools,
Or run from the froth in play;
Where the swift little boats with milkwhite wings
Are crossing the sapphire bay,
And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale,
Holds proudly on her way.
Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry,
And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,
Under the tent of the warm blue sky,
With the hushing wave on its golden floor
To sing their lullaby.

Down on the shore, on the stormy shore!
Beset by a growling sea,
Whose mad waves leap on the rocky steep
Like wolves up a traveller's tree.

Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast
Blows the curlew off, with a screech ;
Where the brown sea-wrack, torn up by the roots,
Is flung out of fishes' reach ;
Where the tall ship rolls on the hidden shoals,
And scatters her planks on the beach.
Where slate and straw through the village spin,
And a cottage fronts the fiercest din
With a sailor's wife sitting sad within,
Hearkening the wind and water's roar,
Till at last her tears begin.

William Allingham.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,—"No."

And thou serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace ;
Tell me in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot ?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,—“ No.”

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh ! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death ?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,—“ Yes,
in heaven.”

Charles Mackay.

RURAL SOUNDS.

From "The Task."

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes

Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain ;
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud ;
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

William Cowper.

WHAT MATTER?

I.

WHAT matter, what matter, O friend! though the sea
 In lines of silvery fire may slide
 O'er the sands so tawny and tender and wide,
 Murmuring soft as a bee?—
 No matter! no matter! in sooth said he:
 But the sunlit sands and the silvery play
 Are a truthful smile long pass'd away:
 No more to me.

II.

What matter, what matter, dear friend! can it be
 In a long blue stripe, dim-swelling and dark
 Beneath the lighter blue headland, may mark
 All the town we can see?
 No matter! no matter! in truth said he:
 But the streak, that fades and fades as we part,
 Is a broken voice and a breaking heart:
 No more to me.

Alfred Domett.

DUTCH PINCKS OFF
SCHEVENINGEN.

(49)



A FISHING-TOWN.

QUAINT clusters of gray houses crowding down
Unto a river's edge ; the river wide,
And flecked with fishing-boats beyond the town,
Incoming with the slow incoming tide.
Moored to the old pier-end a smack or two
Slow dandled by the shoreward-setting swell,
And with their nets with every dip wet through,
Show their black, pitchy ribs. Some far ship's bell
Comes in the capful of light wind that hails
From seaward ; while still louder and more loud,
Beneath the lowering hood of ashen cloud,
Rings the hoarse fisher's shout. Their nearing sails
Loom large and shadowy ; and the sunset gun
Tells that another day is o'er and done.

Anon.

GENIUS.

FAR out at sea,—the sun was high,
While veer'd the wind and flapp'd the sail,
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little wanderer, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,—
'Then flutter'd o'er the water blue,
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleam'd the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
'The spirit-life of this vast scene,—
Far out at sea,

The tiny soul then soar'd away,
Seeking the clouds on fragile wings,
Lured by the brighter, purer ray
Which hope's ecstatic morning brings,—
Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee,
Scarce seen, now lost, yet onward borne !
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he
No more will dance before the Morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies, unlike his mates, I ween,
Perhaps not sooner or worse cross'd ;
And he hath felt, thought, known, and seen
A larger life and hope—though lost
Far out at sea.

Richard Hengist Horne.

SPEED THE PROW.

NOR the ship that swiftest sailcth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day ;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains,

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer ;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear ;
Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was,—'t is so no longer,—
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale ;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had founder'd surely,
But a power invisible
Breathed upon me ;—then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm and shrouds, and heart renew'd,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging towards the tomb :
Bright beyond,—on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse ! land, land, land !

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight are fleeing fast ;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past ;
But where day's last spark declines,
Glory everlasting shines.

James Montgomery.

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits ;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air !
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen ! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery ; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold.

SONG.

WE sat in the fisherman's cottage
 With glances seaward cast,
 And the cloud mists of evening
 Towards the sky rose fast.

The lamps within the light-house
 Flashed one by one alight,
 And in the distant offing
 A sail was still in sight.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
 Of sailors how they fared,
 And how 'twixt sky and ocean
 Now joy, now peril shared.

We spoke of distant regions
 To south and north that were,
 And of the wondrous peoples,
 And wondrous customs there.

'Tis fragrant and bright by the Ganges,
 And giant trees uptower,
 And noble forms and silent
 Kneel to the lotus-flower.

.
 The maidens breathlessly listened
 Till all were hushed at last ;
 The sail was seen no longer,
 For the shades were deepening fast.

H. Heine.

VENETIAN FISHING
BOATS.

(61)



Vermeer -
Herring Boats
1647-48

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.

The sea is in the broad, and narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city,—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently,—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Samuel Rogers.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the while it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

Bryan Waller Procter.

VENICE.

VENETIA stands with endless beauties crowned,
And as a world within herself is found.
Hail, queen of Italy ! for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal Rome !
Nations and seas are in thy states enrolled,
And kings among thy citizens are told.
Ausonia's brightest ornament ! by thee
She sits a sovereign, unenslaved and free ;
By thee, the rude barbarian chased away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

*Translation by Joseph Addison,
from Sannazzaro.*

SONNET.

WITH ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it show'd;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
" Her tackling rich, and of apparel high."
This ship was naught to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look;
This ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook
No tarrying; where she comes the wind must stir:
On went she,—and due north her journey took.

Wordsworth.

RELIQUIÆ.

A WILD, wet night ! The driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay ;
The windows shake ; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet ;
The winds raves from the sea.

So let it rave ! My lamp burns bright ;
My long day's work is almost done ;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all the nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand.
Alas ! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth, since last
I held thee in my hand ?

So, there it lies ! From year to year
I see the ribbon change ; the page
Turn yellower ; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
And fade away with age.

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered harebell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these house-gods from my hearth;
And yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

Anonymous.

SONG.

I LEANED against the mast and watched,
Each wave as on it bore me.
Sweet fatherland! adieu! my bark
Flies merrily before me.

Love's home I pass, the sunlight shafts,
The window panes are laving;
I strain my longing eyes to catch
The sign no hand is waving.

Ye tears, away! mine eyes forsake,
Lest dim their gaze be growing;
My aching heart, break not beneath
Thine anguish overflowing!

H. Heine.

TWILIGHT, MARBLEHEAD.

(73)



Twilight
MARBLEHEAD MASS

WITH THE TIDE.

SWIFT o'er the water my light yacht dances,
Flying fast from the wind of the South;
Bright from the bowsprit the white foam glances,
And straight we steer for the harbor's mouth.

The coast line dim from the haze emerges,
With tender tints of the spring-time toned;
On silver beaches roll sparkling surges,
And woods are green on the hills enthroned.

The sentinel light-houses watch together,
As the stately river we reach at last;
The robins sing in the blithe May weather,
And the flood-tide bears us onward fast.

From bank to bank flows a chorus mellow
Of rippling frogs and of singing birds;
The fields are starry with flowers of yellow,
And green slopes pasture the lowing herds.

A lovely perfume blows softly over
From apple-blossoms on either side,
From golden willow and budding clover,
And many a garden of lowly pride.

And a lazy echo of glad cocks crowing
From door-yards cozy rings far and near!
And the city's murmur is slowly growing
From out the distance distinct and clear.

Over the river, so broadly flowing,
Cottages look from the sheltering trees;
And out through the orchard, with blossoms snowing,
Comes a brown-haired maiden from one of these.

She waves her hand as in friendly token,
And watches my swift boat sailing on;
I answer her signal—no word is spoken,
'Tis but a moment, and she is gone.

And when, from the far-off town returning,
Dropping down with the ebbing tide,
Seaward we sail, with the sunset burning
O'er wastes of the ocean, lone and wide,

And in the orchard her white hand lifted
Shows like a waft of a sea-bird's wing,
While the rosy blossoms are o'er her drifted,
And loud with rapture the robins sing.

I know her not and shall know her never,
But ever I watch for that friendly sign;
And up or down with the stately river
Her lovely greeting is always mine.

And her presence lends to the scene a glory,
More beauty to blossom and stream and tree;
And back o'er the wastes of the ocean hoary
Her gentle image I take with me.

Celia Thaxter.

A QUEST.

ALL in the summer even,
When sea and sky were bright,
As royally the sunset
Went forth to meet the night,

My Love and I were sailing
Into the shining West,
To find some Happy Island,
Some Paradise of rest.

We steered where sunset splendor
Made golden all the shore ;
The rocks behind its brightness
Were cruel as before.

Within the caves sang sirens,
But there the whirlpools be :
Not there the Happy Islands,
Not there the peaceful sea.

Toward the deep mid-ocean
Tides ran and swift winds blew :
It must be there those Islands
Await the longing view.

Their shores are soft with verdure,
Their skies for ever fair,
And always is the fragrance
Of blossoms on the air.

I set our sail to seek them,
But she, my Love, drew back :
“Not yet ; the night is chilly,
I fear that unknown track.”

So home we sailed, at twilight,
To the familiar shore ;
Turned from the golden glory,
To live the old life o'er.

We'll make no further ventures,—
For timid is my Love,—
Until fresh sailing orders
Are sent us from above.

Then past the deep mid-ocean
'Twixt life and life we'll steer,
To land on happier islands
Than those we dreamed of here.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

I.

THE gray sea and the long black land ;
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

II.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And the blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each !

Robert Browning.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;
O sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs
As the shining water leaped of old,
When stirred by angel wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream,
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
All for the love of me.

For O, for O, with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought.
Sewing the long white seam.

Jean Ingelow.

THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMB'REST thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the ev'ning gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom!—the sounds appear'd to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that ev'ning gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom!—and while, o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world,
Like them, to die away.

Thomas Moore.

ON THE CORNICE ROAD.

(87)



MY LIGHTHOUSES.

AT westward window of a palace gray,
Which its own secret still so safely keeps
That no man now its builder's name can say,
I lie and idly sun myself to-day,
Dreaming awake far more than one who sleeps,
Serenely glad, although my gladness weeps.

I look across the harbor's misty blue,
And find and lose that magic shifting line
Where sky one shade less blue meets sea, and through
The air I catch one flush as if it knew
Some secret of that meeting, which no sign
Can show to eyes so far and dim as mine.

More ships than I can count build mast by mast,
Gay lattice-work with waving green and red
Across my window-panes. The voyage past,
They crowd to anchorage so glad, so fast,
Gliding like ghosts, with noiseless breath and tread,
Mooring like ghosts, with noiseless iron and lead.

“O ships and patient men who fare by sea,”
I stretch my hands and vainly questioning cry,
“Sailed ye from west? How many nights could ye
Tell by the lights just where my dear and free
And lovely land lay sleeping? Passed ye by
Some danger safe, because her fires were nigh?”

Ah me! my selfish yearning thoughts forget
How darkness but a hand's-breadth from the coast
With danger in an evil league is set!
Ah! helpless ships and men more helpless yet,
Who trust the land-lights' short and empty boast;
The lights ye bear aloft and prayers avail ye most.

But I—ah, patient men who fare by sea,
Ye would but smile to hear this empty speech,—
I have such beacon-lights to burn for me,
In that dear west so lovely, new, and free,
That evil league by day, by night, can teach
No spell whose harm my little bark can reach.

No towers of stone uphold those beacon-lights;
No distance hides them, and no storm can shake;
In valleys they light up the darkest nights,
They outshine sunny days on sunny heights;
They blaze from every house where sleep or wake
My own who love me for my own poor sake.

Each thought they think of me lights road of flame
Across the seas ; no travel on it tires
My heart. I go if they but speak my name ;
From Heaven I should come and go the same,
And find this glow forestalling my desires.
My darlings, do you not hear me ? Trim the fires !

(H. H.)

Helen Jackson.

THE PALM TREE.

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a font of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green Isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
'Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!--the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers ;
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colors flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng
Seem'd reckless of all dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms ;
He pass'd the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore ;—
All through his wakening bosom swept,
He clasp'd his country's tree and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not !—the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gush'd the child-like tear !

Felicia Hemans.

FROM CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

Lord Byron.

STANZAS.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright ;
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light ;
 The breath of the moist air is light
 Around its unexpanded buds ;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
 I sit upon the sands alone ;
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround,—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BASS HARBOR LIGHT,
MT. DESERT.

(101)

Bass Harbor Light
MI. DESERT



MIDSUMMER ON MOUNT DESERT,
FLYING MOUNTAIN.

THE craggy height is won! O smiling sea,
How tranquilly upon thy lulling breast
The islands dream! We too with Memory
Will muse awhile and rest.

St. Savior's Valley, bright with morning dew,
Low at our feet in waking beauty glows,
Its borders tinted with the sea-shell hue
Of the wild wayside rose.

The tide flows inland; not a sound is heard;
No whirl of worldly tumult here is known;
Hither across the wave the ocean bird
Flies homeward and alone.

Twice has the century-plant its ripened flower
Opened and scattered on this breezy crag,
And full again its blossom, since the hour
When France her lily flag

Flung o'er these unknown waters. Wild with glee
The sailors moored, and vowed to roam no more ;
But *three*, in priestly vestments, reverently
Knelt as they touched the shore.

To them the grandeur of the mountain isle
Had but one meaning, woke but one desire,—
To speed the hour when all these heights should smile
Upon their altar fire.

A cross of rude device was planted here,
The first uplifted on New England's shore,
And "Gloria in excelsis" floated clear
The wondering woodlands o'er.

Brief was the sojourn of these pilgrims brave,
Patient in toil, content to pray and wait ;
For riding fast upon the troubled wave
Came Argall's ship of fate !

A sudden rain of fire, the swift advance
Of gleaming arms upon a helpless band,
And cross of Rome and flowery flag of France
Fell 'neath the Briton's hand.

No sign remains. The dew-bespangled moss
Safe in its breast the burial secret keeps ;
But on this plain, beneath his shattered cross,
Du Thet, the gallant, sleeps.

Soldier and priest! From Flying Mountain's height
We render homage to a sacred spot:
Thine the first grave in all this valley bright,
The last to be forgot.

Fall softly, blossoms of the century-tree!
Long would we keep our isle's historie fame;
Teach thy blue waves to whisper, faithful sea,
St. Savior's ancient name.

Frances L. Macc.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings with his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

SONG.

THE sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white ;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by ;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through :
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew ;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee ;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

Mary Russell Mitford.

SONNET.

*To a Lighthouse at Night,
Seen from the Sea.*

SPIRIT of Caledonia's rocky coast !
Thy pale beam, glimmering like a star of night,
Looks o'er the sea awhile : anon 'tis lost ;
Then comes forth in a blaze of purest light,
Like a lost soul redeem'd, again it wanes :
But soon a blood-flame gleams upon the sight,
Like a thrall'd warrior bursting from his chains,
Stunning the world with wonder of his might.—
Bright beacon lamp ! thou may'st be liken'd to
The Book of God—the beacon-light of Heaven ;
Thou appear'st in different shades, yet all are true ;
The Heavenly light is like thee in this, even :
Your ends are one—a blessed end ! for both
Are lamps to light the nighted pilgrim's path.

Robert Leighton.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful, far, to the eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it :
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim, distant isle, till the lighthouse fire
blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion ;
And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as
hope,—
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow :
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

Paul Moon James.





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